LIKE A GRAND TREE

The Faith of Jesus Like a Cedar of Lebanon.

A REFUGE FOR ALL SINNERS

Dr. Talmadge Extols the Blassings and Privileges of the Christian Religion in His Morning Sermon.

BROOKLYS, March 5.—The congregation the Breeklyn Tabarantic this morning ag with farror tim hymn beginning—
ity task losize up to thee Those lamb of Calvary.

Dr. Talango's subject was the refuge and by the Christian religion to people all ages and every variety of character. a test was Esphini zvii, 23, "A goodly les, and under it shall dwell all fowl of test wins."

ranches, all the year in immuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurdrane that David new sweeping over Lebman rock teslay ever the head of the American traveler. This meanrch of the forcest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great halleligish of heaven had been planted upon Lebman and it were rising up with all its long armed strongth to take hold of the hills whence it came.

Oh, what a line place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thither—the engle, the dove, the availow, the sparrow and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They teem not move of earth than heaven—ever vaciliating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American forcests in mearch of new sperfings. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red mudstene. There is enough of God's architecture in a unipe's bill or a groune's foot to confound all the universities. Musicians have, with class and hars, tried to catch the sound of the nightings that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves, and grandfather goes out with a headful of crumbs to feed the mowhirds.

The Bible is full of ornithological allumbers.

The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Beheld the fowls of the sir," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the cagie, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims 6 badish. "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" says Joh. David describes his desolation by mying. "I am like as owl of the desert; I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." "Yes, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord"—se says Jeremiah.

A GOODLY CEDAR.

A GOODLY CEDAR.

Richiel in my text initimates that Christ is the codar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the tranches. "It shall be a goodly codar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every ring." As in Beskitel's time, so now—theist is a goodly codar, and to him are lying all Emiss of people—young and old, ich and poor, men high souring as the agis, those fierce as the raven, and those centie as the dove. "All fowl of every ring." A GOODLY CEDAR

First, the years may come. Of the eighteen hundred and ninety-two years that have passed since Christ came, about sixteen hundred have been wasted by the good in ministracted efforts. Until Robert Raikes came there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the saping. We let men go down to the very bestom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the flery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swith hoofs clicking fire from the pavement and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irre-

It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oata." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seidom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are two opposite destinies. If you are going to beaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by the way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around me today? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it, but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love, his voice is music, his smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrist, no hopples on your feet, no brand on your forehead.

RELIGION MADE HER HAPPY.

RELIGION MADE HER HAPPY.

I went through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its luster. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up, and one nearer to her than either father or mether was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how de you feel?" "Ch?" she said, "happy, happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy."

mid, "happy, happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy."

As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of gpist, I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl, "Good night; we shall meet again on the siber side of the river." The next Sabbath we bravied her. We brought white flowers and inid them on the coffin. There was in all that graveled church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh, I wish that now my Lord Jewes would go through this audience and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on his brow. The colar is a fit refuge for hirds of brightest pinmage and swiftest wing. See, they fly they fly! "All fowl of every wing."

Again, I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind; suppose he is deaf, suppose that nine-tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I answer: Come with crutches. Come, old men, blind and deaf, come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the cross. It is hard for an aged man or ween an tente is gone. The passes and the grave have loss their flovor. They say that sumshow fruit does not taste as it need to. Their heaving gots detective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their pressure.

Their ferends have all gots and everybody means so strange. The world seems to go away from them and they are left as alone. They hage to feel in the way." Also that make more their chair nervocally and any. "I hope I am see in the way." Also that make no late their chair nervocally and any. "I hope I am see in the way." Also that make men in the way. As you then you were clear and they not up all night recking you, daging to you, administrating to you, did they think that you were in the way? As you tiend of the side.

quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingratitude and unkind-

the bone for your ingratitude and unkindness.

The world cold without religion—
to feel this world going away, and nothing better coming. If there be any here
who have gone far on without Christ, I
address you deferentially. You have found,
this a teagh world for old people. Alast
to have sches and pains, and no Christ to
scothe them. I want to give you a cane
better than that you lean on. It is the
cane that the Bible spenie of when it says.
"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."
I want to give you better spectacles than
those your head tremble with the palsy
of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do
you feel lonely now that your companions
and children are gone? I think Christ has
them. They are safe in his keeping. Very
acom he will take you where they are. I
take held of your arm and try to lead you
to a place where you can put down all your
burden. Go with me. Only a little while
longer and your sight will come again, and with
the strength of an immortal athlete you
will step on the pavement of heaven. No
crutches in heaven, no sleepless nights in
heaven, no cross looks for old people.
Dwelling there for ages, no one will say,
"Father, you know nothing about this;
step back; you are in the way!"

Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has
put to sleep! How sweetly he has closed
their eyes! How gently folded their arms!
How he has put his hand on their silent
hearts and said: "Rest now, tired pilgrins.
It is all ever. The tears will never start
again. Hush! hush!" So he gives his beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful
object on earth is an old Christian—the
hearts and said: "Rest now, tired pilgrins.
It is all ever. The tears will never start
again. Hush! hush!" So he gives his beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful
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It is all ever. The tears will never start
again. Hush! hush!" So he gives his beloved sleep. I think the tout ageously
sof the eternal world are about to burst?
They are going to the goodly cedar.
Th THE WORLD COLD WITHOUT RELIGION.

cedar. "All fewl of every wing."

Again, the very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying ther as an encouragement to the sinner. Hew much better it would be to point to our own case and say, "If God saved us he can save anybody." There may be those here who never had one earnest word said to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shoulder and looking in your eye. God has been good to you. You ask, "Hew do you know that? He has been very hard on me." "Where did you come from?" "Home." "Then you have a home. Have you ever thanked God for your home? Have you children?" "Yea." "Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick!" "Yes." "Who made you well? Have you been fed svery day? Who feeds you? Put your hand on your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. Who helps you to breathe? Have you a Bible in the house, spreading before you the future life? Who gave you that Bible?"

Oh, it has been a story of goodness and GOD CAN SAVE ANTBODT.

you the future life? Who gave you that Bible?"

Oh, it has been a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have been one of Ged's pet children. Who fondled you and caressed you and loved you? And when you went astray and wanted to come back, did he ever refuse? I know of a father who, after his son came back the fourth time, said, "No; I forgave you shree times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But G.d takes back his children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first. As easily as with my handberchief I strike the dust off a book, God will wipe out all your sins. There are hospitals for "incurables." When men are bepolessly sick, they are sent there. Thank God! there is no hospital for spivitual incusables. Though you had the weest lepresy that ever struck a soul, your fiesh shall come again like the flesh of a little child. Oh, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift sailing craft, with compass and charts and chalce rigging and skillful navigators, and I tell them to launch away and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this craft to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" and they answer, "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but

from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne and cry, "No shore! no re to God's mercy!"

MERCY! MERCY! MERCY! Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! I sing it. I preach it. I pray it. Here I find a man sound hand and foot to the devil, but with bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chains fall off and he is free forever. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth it cannot fathom; there is no height it can-not scale; there is no height it can-not scale; there is no infinity it cannot compass. I take my stand under this goodly redar and see the flocks flying thither. They are torn with the shot of temptation and wounded and sick and scarred. Some fought with iron beak; some once feasted on carcasses; some were fierce of eye and cruel of talon, but they came, flock after flock—"All fowl of every wing."

Again, all the dying will find their nest in this goodly colar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate in this goodly codar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not heaitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hands into the nest, and the birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goodly cedar. They have over them "the feathers of the Almighty." Oh, to have those soft, warm, eternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind—no danger. When a storm comes, you can see the birds flying to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

Of what great varieties heaven will be made up. There come men who once were hard and cruel and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glery, "All fowl of every wing." And hore they come, the children was were rearred in leving home circus flowling through the gates of life, "All fowl of every wing." These were white and came from northern homes; these were black and ascended from southern plantations, these were copper colored and west up from Indian reservations—"All fowl of every wing." So God gathers them up. It is astenishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven.

A premium to business man in Philisdelphia went besse one afternoon, lay down on the icange and said, "It is time for me to go." He was very aged. His daughter said to him, "Are you sieh?" He mid:
"No, but it is time for me to go. Have John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gene. Goodby;" and as quick as that God had taken him.

BART TO GO WERE THE TIME COMES.

It is many to go when the time comes.

BAST TO GO WHEN THE TRUE CONSIS.

It is easy to go when the time comes.
There are no repos thrown out to pull us schore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes and taken us by the hand and says, "You have but energy

illy when you place it? Is there any rude-ness when Jesus touches the check, and the red rose of health whitens into the illy of immoral purity and gladness? When autumn comes and the giant of the woods emitse his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale, then here will be thousands of birds gathering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and

the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer olimes, and they will call and sing until the branches drop with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and by and by we shall migrate. We gather in the branches of the goodly cedar, in preparation for departure. You heard our voices in the opening sons; you will have them in the cleaning song voices good, voices bad, voices happy, voices distressful — "All fowl of every wing." By and by we shall be gone.

If all this audience is saved, as I hope they will be, I see them entering into life. Some have had it hard: some were dull. Some were rocked by pions paressinge; others have had their infantile cheeks scaled with the tears of woe. Some crawled, as it were, into the kingdom on their hands and knees, and some seemed to enter in chariots of faming fire. Those fell from a ship's mast; these were crushed in a mining disaster. They are God's singing birds now. No gun of huntaman shall shoot them down. They gather on the trees of life and fold their wings on the branches, and far away from frosts and winds and night they sing until the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and use arches of pearl send back the echoes—"All fowl of every wing."

Behold the saints, beloved of God,

Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood.

Behold the saints, beloved of Ged, Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood. Brighter than angels, lo! they shine, Their glories splendid and sublime.

Through tribulation great they came; They bore the cross and scorped the shar Now, in the heavenly temple bleet, With God they dwell; on him they rest.

While everlasting ages roll Eternal love shell feast their soul, And scenes of bliss, forever new Rise in succession to their view.

The "Average Woman."

How many who use the term "average woman" know what it implies? Physically it means that she weighs about 117 pounds, and that, if an American, she is somewhat taller than 5 feet 1 inch. Observations taken by the French academy relative to the average height of 1,107 Frenchwomen, without shoes, shew it to be that much. Br. Sargeant, from 1,805 observations, concludes that the American woman is meanly two inches taller than the average datigater of France; and Dr. Galton, an Englishman, in 770 measurements, found that the women of Great Britain are the tallest of the three, they exceeding Miss Columbia by fully half an inch. In the matter of weight, though, American femininity is alightly ahead, though the figures are not given.—Chicago Times. The "Average Woman."

When Suvarnif was advanced to the rank of a field marchal, he celebrated his promotion in a fashion all his own. He had a number of chairs, equal to the number of senior generals in the army, placed one behind the other in a church, at short distances. He then jetuped over them after the manner of hoys playing at leap frog, by way of showing how he had overleaped his rivais. After he had done this he put on his mannaris uniform, decked himself with his innamerable orders and called upon the astonished priests to chant a To Deum.—Buch for Alle. Deum.-Buch fur Alle.

A \$1,400 HOUSE.

lakes a Pretty Dwelling Suitable for a Contect Family. [Copyright, 1802, by American Press Association.]

This dwelling in arrangement is about as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it with only one chimney. The main diffi-culty in such houses into group the prin-cipal rooms about the chimney in such a manner that it may be conven. .ntly used by each. In this case fireplaces are omit-ted, which of course makes it possible to contract the area of the plans to the least possible limit of space.

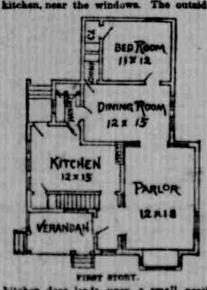


PERSPECTIVE. The building stands on a corner lot and The building stands on a corner lot and has a frontage on two streets. From either the entrance may be approached. It is sheltered by a veranda. The hall is small, and merely serves as a vestibule to the parlor and kitchen, and is separated from the former by sliding doors. As you enter you turn to the left to go up stairs or into the kitchen. The parior is a large room, with a rectangular bay window in the end and one window in the side of the room, leaving a large space for the piano or for furniture.

leaving a large space for the piano or for furniture.

The window sashes are glazed with large lights of double thick glass, which gives a rich effect from the outside. The dining room is separated from the parlor by sliding doors, thus affording an opportunity to throw both rooms into one when desired. The dining room communicates with the kitchen through the pantry, which is fitted up neatly with shelves and drawers for the various utensils common to this department. A china closet is also provided for the dining room in a convenient location, with shelves, etc.

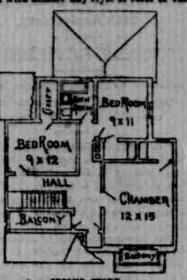
The kitchen is furnished with a dresser, portable range, sink and hot water boiler. The entrance to the cellar stairs is in the kitchen, near the windows. The outside



kitchen deer leads upon a small perch with steps to the back yard. Back of the dining room is a one story extension, which may be used as a libeary or bedroom, with a closet either for books or wardrobe. The stairs are inclosed between two partitions and protected by a rail at the top in second

cellar bettom is concretal. The belongy
floor is timed and made water tight.

Of the interior finish the floors are of
yellow pine, and the hall, parior, dining
room, and bedroom or library on the first
floor are fluoned in redwood. The kitchen
and pantry in the first story and the bathroom in the second story are fluished in
North Carolina pine. All other wood work
is of white pine painted in two cents. For
bedrooms light drabs are very pieusing
colus and have the merit of harmonizing
well with aimost any style or color of fur-



niture. If warmer colors are desired there is a wide range of brown shades, any one of which could be chosen without danger

wood work of the kitchen and bathroom should always have two or more coats of varnish, for the reason that it closes the pores of the wood so effectively that no impurities can be absorbed and it is easily kept clean.

The perspective view of this cottage is very picturesque, consequently simple tenes are preferable in painting the exterior. Bright colors would make it too gaudy in appearance.

The principal rooms are heated by a fur-

The building costs complete \$1,600

Granted cleanliness and ordinary care, there can be no accident. To begin with, the lamp should be trimmed and filled with oil in the morning every day. Once a week the oil container should be thoroughly emptled out and the small amount of dirty oil threwn away. Next see that the burner is clean. Whenever the lamp burne budly this should be at once looked to, as it often is the cause. If the burners are boiled for a few minutes in soda and water at regular intervals there will be no difficulty in the burning.

Next see that the wicks fit exactly. For this purpose, when new wicks are required, the lamp burner should always be sent. Some people buy their wick by guess, a most feelith plea, for not only must it be of the sight width, but also of the right thickness, so as to silow of the eil reaching the fame properly, and also to let the wick be turned up or down easily. Another thing to assortain is if the wick is worn out. A lamp should have a fresh wick every month at least. Be careful infore fitting in a new wick to see that the latter is purfectly dry. It should be placed for ten or fifteen minutes on a hot plate before fixing it in the lamp, so as to remove any fixing it in the lamp, so as to remove any

fixing it in the lamp, so as to remove any moisture.

It is said that soaking the wicks in vinegar, and then drying them theroughly, prevents all chance of smoking; but of this there should be no fear where the lamp is regularly and properly cleaned and trimmed. Be very careful in trimming the wick ast to let any of the charmed part fall into the burner. This is a fruitful source of trouble. Lamps with metal reservoirs are undoubtedly safer than those of glass or china, as the former, if upset, can be picked up and replaced before the oil can eacape. Therefore, where children are about, it is better to have only metal containers or else metal containers which can be slipped into the china or glass stands.

Of course the oil used must be of good quality. There is no saving, but, on the contrary, waste and some danger in poor oil. Bad oil clogs the wick and the burner, besides giving off an unpleasant and very dirty vapor.

very dirty vapor.
One more hint. Never turn down

lamp, allowing it just to glimmer. It is meant to burn with the flame at full height, and when allowed to smolder in height, and when allowed to smoller in this way it will either smoke or smell— possibly beta—and most certainly heat rapidly and become a distinct source of danger.—London Queen.

Disgraced Forever.

The Boston Symphony concerts have secome, in a way, sacred ceremonials, at which even those not born with a mu-sical ear must assist in becoming fashion One Friday afternoon the twe little daughters of a certain family returned from the music hall "in a state of mind." One of them was evidently scornful and the other depressed.
"What's the matter?" asked some one.

Wasn't the concert fine?"

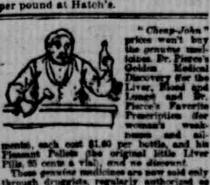
superbly: "I don't complain of the con-"The concert was all right," said Ethel "Then what did go wrong? Something.

I'm sure."

"The amount of the matter is," said the young lady, looking haughtily at her drooping sister, "that Mildred has dis-graced herself. She sneezed in the mid-dle of the symphony!"—Youth's Com-

The love of the beautiful which is ingrained in every woman's heart shows itself in many ways, but it is clear that her affection centers in her home, as even the poorest has its little ornaments, which show the strivings of the woman for a "home beautiful." With increased material, prosperity and lower prices the people are turning more and more to artistic decoration, and portierss, window draperies, lambrequins and mantelpieces have now been "in" for several years, and have paved the way for the paneling of parlors, bedrooms and boudoirs, and sometimes even offices.—Decorator and Furnisher. The love of the beautiful which is in-

Millard & Brooks' chocolates 30 cents per pound at Hatch's.





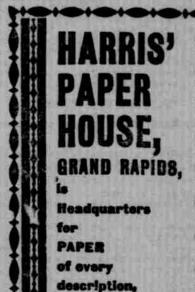
ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleaness the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual

aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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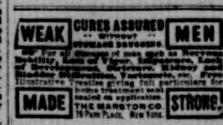
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from the alkaline nature so injurious to tender hands and faces. We have had it branded Marshmallow, to distinguish it from interior soaps. It grannot be purchased in the dry goods stores, as the trade-mark "Marshmallow." by mutual agreement, belongs to Peck Rrot., and we decline to sell it at wholesale. Try a box of the Marshmallow Seap and decide upon its merits. See for three cakes.

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